

The Evening World

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NO BARGAINS.

WHEN either Germany or England discusses its obligations toward this neutral nation, neither seems able to leave the other out of the argument.

In one of his latest notes, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs pointedly remarks:

"His Majesty's Government are not aware, except from the published correspondence between the United States and Germany, to what extent reparation has been claimed from Germany by neutrals for loss of ships, lives and cargoes, nor how far these acts have been the subject even of protest by the neutral Governments concerned."

"While these acts of the German Government continue it seems neither reasonable nor just that His Majesty's Government should be pressed to abandon the rights claimed in the British note of the 23d."

Alongside Sir Edward Grey's declaration that it is

"Incumbent upon the allies to take every step in their power to overcome their common enemy, in view of the shocking violation of the recognized rules and principles of civilized warfare of which he has been guilty during the present struggle."

Read Herr von Jagow's words in Germany's late "reply":

"It is known to the American Government how Germany's adversaries, by completely paralyzing traffic between Germany and neutral countries, have aimed from the very beginning, and with increasing lack of consideration, at the destruction, not so much of the armed forces as the life of the German nation, repudiating in doing so all the rules of international law and disregarding all rights of neutrals."

"We have been obliged to adopt a submarine warfare to meet the declared intentions of our enemies and the method of warfare adopted by them in contravention of international law."

We are thus in the position of treating with two belligerents each of whom is interfering with our neutral rights and each of whom points to the methods of the other as justifying his own infractions of the rules of international warfare. Moreover, each appears to hint that if we can make his opponent mend his ways he may in turn rectify his own.

A delicate position for this nation. Yet our course is plain.

We have already sternly declined to act upon suggestions from Germany that we do her a service by breaking up England's blockade.

Can we do otherwise than meet England's hints with an equally firm statement—albeit, couched in the same terms of reason and fair-mindedness which make Sir Edward Grey's messages such a contrast to those that have come from Berlin?

This Government has insisted, and we hope it still insists, that we are contending primarily, not for our profit, but for a principle—that we are upholding the sanctity of international law and the rights of all neutral nations. A safe stand—a stand that we believe should insure us the respect of all with whom we deal. But it admits of no bargains.

HANDING IT ALL TO JAPAN.

NOVEMBER SECOND NEXT promises to be a day that calls for appropriate national observance.

On that date the steamship Mongolian, sailing from San Francisco, will be the last merchant vessel to leave that port for the Pacific trade under the American flag.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company now definitely announces that this is to be the last voyage of any of its five ships on the Pacific. What will become of its fifteen million dollars' worth of vessels is, according to the company's officers, "problematical." For the rest, their statement is brief and to the point:

"The La Follette Seamen's law goes into effect on Nov. 4, and as our trans-Pacific steamships carry American officers and Asiatic crews, they are unable to meet the requirements of the language clause of that law."

To Japan, then, goes the monopoly of the carrying trade of the Pacific—with the compliments of this nation.

Will not somebody suggest fitting ceremonies for the sailing of the Mongolian? The disappearance of the American flag from the commerce of the world's broadest ocean ought not to pass uncommemorated.

NO MORE STREET SPRINKLING?

SPRINKLING city streets permanently injures the pavements, besides making them dangerous to traffic. Experts, engineers and the Street Cleaning Commissioner himself are agreed on this point. If an appropriation of \$30,000 can be secured, it is proposed to flush the streets by night. Commissioner Fetherston even has a scheme of dry-cleaning by sweeper and vacuum machine combined which he hopes to apply some day to the whole city.

It will be a pity, however, if water ever ceases to hold a prominent place as a street cleanser. Dust machines are good in their way. But nothing scours the asphalt, carries off the dirt and germs and freshens the air like a rush of water, whether from the clouds or from a hydrant.

In Paris a cool current is kept continually flowing along the gutters of many streets during hot weather. New York would do well to open its hydrants more than it does. Sprinkling the middle of a dusty street undoubtedly produces a thin ooze that causes autos to skid. But there can be nothing against a running stream along the curb into which dust and dirt can be swept and so carried into the sewer.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

The easier it is to reform a man the less it amounts to.

Statistics show that women live longer than men. Proving that they do have the last word.—Macon News.

Watching a neighbor's house to see who comes out thereof in the wee sma' hours shows more curiosity than love.—Deseret Evening News.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again, but before it gets all the dust brushed off the lie has gained five miles.—Toledo Blade.

Just a little discontent is always needed to keep us moving.—Albany Journal.

Speaking of trading relations, a great many people would be willing to do it.

A man will write out a hundred "don'ts" and not mention a single "do."—Norfolk Ledger Dispatch.

True; but How Much?

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By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"I HAVEN'T got a cent," said Mr. Jarr the other morning. "Can you lend me carfare to get downtown to-day?"

"I don't see what you do with all your money," said Mrs. Jarr peevishly.

"I spent it on you. We were out last night, you know," said Mr. Jarr. "That's right!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. "Take me out once and spend a few dollars on me, and then talk about it for the rest of your days! You had more money yesterday than you spent on me twice over—and you know it!"

"Oh, yes, I know it," said Mr. Jarr wearily. "But if you will remember I gave you \$10 yesterday evening." "What's the good of giving me money, if you take it all away from me again?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "I need so many extra things this week, and there's the gas bill to pay, and the milk bill to pay, and other things."

"Well, I know that," said Mr. Jarr. "That's why I gave you the \$10; but it won't hurt you much to give me five cents to get downtown, will it? To-day's pay day. All I need is five cents to get down to the office."

"I haven't broken that \$10 bill yet," grumbled Mrs. Jarr. "And if I break it for you, it will go, and I know it. I try to keep a little money for myself. I want to get a new dress. You know how badly I am off for a new dress. I'm ashamed to go out in the clothes I have."

"I thought you wanted the \$10 to pay bills with," said Mr. Jarr. "I can let the bills wait," replied Mrs. Jarr. "It's all the same. If I take this \$10 and add a little more to it to get the makings of a dress I'll still have the money for the dress after I pay last week's bills out of next week's money; don't you see?"

Mr. Jarr couldn't see. He simply said it was getting late and if he didn't get carfare he couldn't get downtown, that was all. And then a brilliant idea struck him.

"Oh, keep your old \$10 bill intact," he remarked. "I can get a nickel out of the children's bank."

"I don't think there's anything in the bank," said Mrs. Jarr. "I need a little change myself the other day and I opened the bank and there was only 30 cents in it."

"Why was there only 30 cents in it?" asked Mr. Jarr quickly. "You know we received we would at least put each 10 cents a day in the bank and then when there was \$3 in it we would put it in the savings bank."

"Those college girls have the right idea. That's the kind of independence a girl should show in selecting a husband. A girl will spend hours and even days selecting a hat. She finally gets what she wants, by labored comparison. Yet that same girl will jump at the first chance she gets to marry simply because she has an inborn horror of being an old maid. Choosing the father of one's children should be just as important a matter as selecting a hat. Girls have to face this one big fact and learn how to live it. The world wants fewer marriages and better ones."

While it may seem hard upon the man who cannot earn the required

Mr. Jarr Learns an Odd Lesson

In Frenzied Family Finance.

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"I don't want them to run up!"

"Oh, I guess Gertrude and I can manage our own affairs," cried Mrs. Jarr. "I don't see why you interfere! Gertrude has been paid. We don't owe her a cent till her month is up. The fact that I borrowed some money from her is simply a personal matter. It's got nothing to do with her wages at all! THEY'RE paid."

Against this feminine logic Mr. Jarr knew it was useless to argue.

"Besides," said Mrs. Jarr, with an air of triumph, seeing him hesitate, "the things I got were kitchenware and some dishes and glasses; and as Gertrude broke the old ones, it's only right she should lend me the money to pay for the new ones!"

"I'll go shake the kid's bank. Maybe he'll be overlooked a bet," said Mr. Jarr.

He was shaking the bank when little Willie Jarr came into the bedroom.

"There ain't no money in it, Paw," he said. "Maw takes it all out if I do. I keep my money."

"Have you any?" asked his father. "Got a cent I found," said the little boy.

Mr. Jarr went out without another word and borrowed carfare from Gus at the cafe on the corner.

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"So Wags the World"

By Clarence L. Cullen

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NIGMAS of Existence: Pomeranian dogs, bogus Rocky Fords, alienists, photo-plays with a lesson, blackberry "mush," fat women in middie blouses, flirty fat men.

Another way of plumbing the Abyss of Anguish is to live next to a flat or shack where there's a little girl whose mother MAKES her practice "Monastery Bells" and "Silvery Waves" two hours each day on an installment piano that needs tuning.

The best dressed, wholesome-looking woman we've seen at the sea-shore this summer was wearing a one-piece, small-checked, gingham dress. She's rich at that and weighs one hundred and eighty.

The would-be who fall down at the Don Juan business seek to give the impression that they're monolithic hits at it. The sure enough gay Lotharios are cagey coots who never say a word.

Our idea of Being Kidnapped is to have a magazine editor, in firing back one of our stories, write us that he'd "like to have a look" at our next yarn.

The man who accuses his wife the hardest for wearing an insufficient number of petticoats in the sunlight can be mighty busy with his eyes when he gets between him and the sun some other woman similarly unprotected.

One of our pup friends tells us in confidence that fellers are not half so anxious to swipe a kiss from a girl that's been smoking cigarettes as from one that hasn't.

Fat men who can't keep 'em up with a belt are wastefully waiting for the epoch when suspenders won't be considered as disreputable.

We're still watching all trains and ferries for the returning vacationer who looks "hollow-eyed and all tired out," vide the Manual of the Funny-lads' Union. But we haven't spotted any yet.

Maybe you've noticed that it's never the homely, angular girl who wears a silk bathing suit into the surf.

Having found out by personal experience a quarter of a century ago that it is perfectly possible for it to be hot on one side of a San Francisco street at the same time when it's

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon
By Helen Rowland

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MY DAUGHTER, rather than a natural complexion on Broadway and more refreshing than an iced drink on a hot evening is a Woman PHILOSOPHER who applet her own logic.

Now, there came unto me a damsel of Babylon, arrayed in dazzling white and looking cooler than a soda water advertisement.

And I questioned her, saying:

"How now, thou Tempting One? Why lingerest thou in the torrid town while the sea and the babbling brooks and the mountain stream are calling, and the fisherfolks of Gotham are casting their lines where the matrimonial fish are plentiful, and the fishing is EASY and pleasant?"

But she silenced me with her smile, and answered me softly, saying: "Nay, nay, my Mother! Let OTHER damsels go forth upon the Love Chase at the call of the wild summer resort; but, as for me, I will cool my forehead in the breezes of the Roof Garden and steep my spirit in the cool comfort of a City Apartment."

"For, I say unto thee, it is not by the lonely sea nor in the mountain fastnesses that the GOOD fish are plentiful, but in the Canyons of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, where they have been left, even as the Family Cat, to seek their own diversions."

"Yea, HERE are all the tired business men, and the lonely bachelors, and the summer widowers at the mercy of the show girl and the flirt-in-stenographer's clothing and the wily husband-hunter."

"And shall I leave MY Beloved, also, to be devoured and annexed by one of these?"

"Nay, verily! I will let HIM go forth to the summer resort, and care not. I will send him upon his way rejoicing."

"For the damsels of the seaside are covered with sunburn and freckles and ennuil and limp clothes, but the sirens of the CITY are covered with powder and perfume and guile and impudence and stuffiness."

"Go to!"

"Let the 'Summer Girl' be sung in poem and story; but I fear her not."

"For her looks are always as seaweed, and her nose a shining light."

"Yea, though my Beloved wandereth beside her in the moonlight, he shall be safe!"

"And when he cometh BACK from his vacation among the summer boarders and the summer bores he will greet me with gladness and rejoicing, crying:

"Verily, verily, Kid, thou lookest GOOD to ME!"

"For I shall be unto him as refreshing as a cool shower bath after a dusty motor trip, and more beautiful than a Beck Beer sign on a long road."

"Then let the Foolish Damsel depart in the Open Season, and desert in the hour of danger."

"But as for me, I shall stay upon the JOB!"

Selah.

Things You Should Know

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The Law and Vaccination.

MUCH discussion has been raised regarding vaccination. In spite of the fact that since Jenner's discovery the ravages of smallpox have been almost conquered, there are, now and then, cases cited where serious blood poisoning and illness are supposed to result from vaccination.

People seem to have actually forgotten what the horrors of smallpox used to be, and would be again if vaccination were relaxed.

Constant vigilance, however, is the price of health as well as of liberty, and the cases where serious results seem to follow vaccination are ridiculously small in proportion to the cases where no ill effects follow.

More than three and a half millions of people have been vaccinated in the Philippine Islands by United States order without a loss of life or limb, and this means a saving there of 6,000 lives every year from smallpox.

There is not the slightest risk in vaccination when carried out with clean virus, now guaranteed by Government inspection, and when the vaccination is kept clean. "Bad arms" come from dirt getting into the wound—not often from the vaccine itself.

Unfavorable results are liable to follow from scratching or rubbing the wound with dirty hands, which introduce infection from without rather than from within.

Fortunately, the State steps in to control vaccination. There is a State law making the vaccination of every child a duty of the parent, and not person attending the public schools.

Remember that the enforcement of the vaccination law rests with the Department of Health, and not with the Department of Education.

The law also requires the Board of Health to provide free vaccination virus to all needing it, and that the school funds of a district may be withheld if there is wilful failure of school officials to enforce this law.

Under the Compulsory Education Law a parent must either send a child to the public school or provide it with equivalent private instruction.

If a parent fails to send a child to public school, or does not provide instruction—if the child is thereby excluded from school the parent is acting in violation of the Compulsory Education Law.

A refusal of a parent to allow a child to be vaccinated, resulting in the child being denied admittance to public school, and accompanied by failure of the parent to provide instruction, has been held by the Court to constitute a violation of the Compulsory Education Law, and to subject the parent to the penalty imposed by the State.

A child is obliged to be vaccinated by the school doctor, but must be vaccinated by some other doctor, and the child must bring to the teacher a vaccination certificate, showing, beyond a doubt, that the child has been vaccinated.

Remember that the enforcement of the vaccination law rests with the Department of Health, and not with the Department of Education.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

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Apologies.

"SOME time ago I read a short article by you on "apologizing," writes a clever young woman.

"There is another side to that question which I should like to hear discussed. Did you ever notice how the majority of persons taken an apology? I have always been one of those who are willing to accept themselves in the wrong, even to the blame is pretty even, and it often is in the wrong."

Have noticed that frequently, when I am unwittingly offended, if I said nothing the other person would forget all about the offense in a short time. If, on the contrary, I apologized I had to listen to a lecture, and full forgiveness took twice as long. Won't you give some advice as to how to take an apology when it is freely and sincerely tendered?"

Of course, the only generous thing to do is to accept an apology with promptness and courtesy. In nearly every quarrel each person has some-

thing to apologize for, so there's no use in adopting a high-and-mighty attitude.

When One Is Engaged.

"T. E." writes: "When a girl becomes engaged to a young man should she go to see his parents? Or should she first call upon her?"

The latter procedure is correct.

"J. W." writes: "Will you kindly give a little argument between myself and a young man who is very self and a young man who is very self and a young man who is very self."

escorting two ladies a gentleman should walk in the center. B says the gentleman should walk on the outside. Which is right?"

B is right.

"C. M." writes: "I am very much in love with a young lady whose feeling toward me seems to be the same. But, in her opinion, woman is superior to man, and I don't agree with her. Do you think this controversy would lead to unpleasantness in our married life?"

Not if you are both really in love to do so. If you have the sense to shelve abstract topics on which you happen to hold different opinions.

Talks With My Parents. By a Child

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I WAS wrong.

I thought everything was going along smoothly, but it isn't.

There was an explosion yesterday. It all started when mother asked father if there was any news from

chilly on the other side, that fact is being confirmed for us every day now about thirty times by folks getting back from the Exposition. It's the first thing they mention, which shows how phoeishly old every old thing is.

We move to Expunge: "Red-blooded man."